There Wasn't Even a Mistletoe in There

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/2850695.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	F/F
Fandom:	Kill la Kill
Relationship:	Mankanshoku Mako/Matoi Ryuuko
Characters:	Mankanshoku Mako, Matoi Ryuuko, Kiryuuin Satsuki
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2014-12-25 Words: 4,149 Chapters: 1/1

There Wasn't Even a Mistletoe in There

by Ryumako

Summary

Ryuko and Mako attend Satsuki's Christmas party for merrymaking and fun. After catching up with her and the former elites, Mako drags Ryuko off to have a little...alone time. Things ramp up, fun ensues.

Notes

Hello everyone!! I've had this fic finished for about 2 weeks now, but waited until Christmas day to publish it! I have thoroughly lost the ability to look at it objectively...I've just read through it so many times. Really hope you like it!! And Merry Christmas...keep your ryumako spirit!

Ryuko didn't know how long Satsuki had been throwing annual Christmas parties, but this was the first one she and Mako had been invited to. Apparently, the tradition dated back to even before Honnouji was dismantled, but the get-togethers were always very exclusive. This year, however, it was definitely more of a full-fledged party. Ryuko was impressed.

When she had told Mako about the party, the girl was absolutely ecstatic. Mako loved the holidays, not necessarily for any spiritual reasons, but because they brought everyone together for fun times and merrymaking, so obviously she jumped at the opportunity. She had insisted they go all out for this party and even buy matching ugly Christmas sweaters. Ryuko was reluctant, but she had to admit, she had a lot of fun picking out the sweaters with Mako, who looked beyond adorable in hers.

She had thought that showing up to Satsuki's party in *matching sweaters* with her girlfriend would prompt some laughter from the guests (namely the former elites), but as the pair walked in through the door, the whole room turned to look at them, a few even saying "Aww." Ryuko blushed immediately and grabbed Mako's hand, dragging them away from the attention.

"I think they like our sweaters, Ryuko-chan!" Mako beamed.

"Looks like it," Ryuko smiled back at the shorter girl. She really couldn't get over how pretty she looked. She had really done up her makeup for the occasion (she was glad she hadn't insisted Ryuko had hers done, too); it was stunning, not too overdone. She noticed that she had used a rosy blush just atop her cute little cheeks, and Ryuko had a sudden urge to kiss them. The brunette had also put a festive green bow in her hair, which Ryuko thought was also very fitting; she was very much like a gift to her. Ryuko's heart beat harder at these affectionate thoughts she had, and then she looked into Mako's eyes, which were twinkling in the lighting, and felt her heart skip a beat.

"Ryuko-chan? Are you alright? Your face is kinda pink."

"Yeah…yeah! You just look…uh…really pretty."

"You really think so?" Mako tilted her head.

Before Ryuko had a chance to respond, the pair was interrupted. "Ryuko! Mako! I'm so glad you two could make it," Satsuki greeted.

"Satsuki-sama!" Mako exclaimed, before wrapping her arms around the host in a tight hug, burying her face in her sweater. "We wouldn't miss this for anything," She said, her voice muffled.

"Of course not. Welcome!" Satsuki patted her back, and then looked over to her sister. "You both look very nice."

Ryuko swallowed. "You also look nice," She stated. Still getting used to the 'friendly' thing, honestly, she was waiting for it to become more natural.

Her elder smiled at her compassionately. “Well, feel free to mingle and introduce yourselves to the guests. I don’t believe everyone has met the two of you. I’ve also had some hors d’oeuvres set out for the taking, so help yourselves.”

Mako had released herself from Satsuki’s waist, her eyes going wide at the mention of food. She looked eagerly at Ryuko, who nodded her head, silently giving her permission to run off and locate said food. Once she had bolted off, Satsuki again directed her attention toward Ryuko.

“It’s a party, you know,” She began. “No reason to be so stiff.” She nudged her shoulder.

Ryuko thought briefly about the irony, hearing that from Satsuki, who had practically been the queen of seriousness. Nevertheless, she responded, “You’re right. I’ll probably warm up to the idea soon enough.”

“Good.” Her sister smiled. “Well, I’ll catch up with you later. Why don’t you go find Mako and try some of the appetizers yourself?”

“Sounds good!” She spoke quickly, saying no more before departing in the general direction Mako had gone in moments before.

Moments later, she had located Mako, who was stuffing her face as suspected. She noticed Ryuko approaching and spoke, “Hello Ryuko-chan!” except with a mouth full of food, which she quickly covered with her hand in realization.

“Hey Mako,” She said. “So, is the food good then?”

She looked at her. “These are not croquettes.” She looked toward the tray. “But they are good.”

Ryuko chuckled. “I’m glad.” She then noticed more than a few crumbs lingering on the side of the brunette’s mouth, and then picked up a napkin from the table, dabbing her face without a second thought.

“Whoops!” Mako giggled. “Hey, you should try this one!” She said, using a utensil up one of the appetizers from the table. She lifted it to the taller girl’s mouth, who gladly opened up, eating the food off the utensil.

“Mmm, very good!” She swallowed. “You have good taste.”

“It’s true, I love tasting good things.” She patted her own stomach in satisfaction. “Anyway, wanna go dance?”

Ryuko looked over to where the crowd was gathered, chatting with one another. “Satsuki’s got Christmas music playing. Can you even dance to that?”

Mako rolled her eyes. “Of course you can!” And without a word from the other girl, she grabbed her wrist and dragged her to the living room.

Once among the crowd, Mako released her and promptly began breaking it down to an arrangement of *Sleigh Ride*. Ryuko could only stare in disbelief. After a few moments, it wasn't just her; many other people were also watching the spectacle that was Mako.

Ryuko began noticing the people staring, and giving her girlfriend almost concerned looks, and then ultimately decided to join her, as though to oppose to judgment. The two danced together, not necessarily in sync, and nowhere near the beat. For a few seconds, they almost looked like *fools*. They didn't care.

But sooner than later, a random and particularly eccentric member of the crowd also joined in dancing next to the girls. And then just as quickly, it was no longer the trio of dancers, but a small group. The sensation spread throughout the crowd, and eventually everyone was dancing rather awkwardly to the wintery tune.

"My god," Satsuki muttered as she walked back into the room, the former elites next to her.

Eventually though, the song ended, and the two girls had spotted Satsuki and the others. They decided to meet up with the group, mutually figuring dancing was getting rather tiring anyway.

"Hello everyone!" Mako greeted, Ryuko right behind her. "Nice to see you guys again." Ryuko waved at everyone.

"You girls as well," Inumuta said cordially.

"*Matching sweaters*," Gamagoori comprehended quietly.

"Why don't we find somewhere comfortable to lounge?" Satsuki suggested.

"That's a good idea," Ryuko responded. "We've been on our feet since we got here."

The six of them followed Satsuki to some rather large couches. Mako was the first to take a seat, commenting about how plush and soft the cushions were. Ryuko sat down next to her, and then Satsuki sat to her right. The former elites, save for Ira, sat on the other couch, while Gamagoori took the armchair in consideration of his size.

"So," Ryuko began. "What have you been up to, Satsuki?"

"I meant to ask that myself," Sanageyama spoke. "You seem to be more elusive now than you were in the academy days."

It was true. The only person Satsuki had really kept caught up on her life was Nonon, and even then it was mostly phone calls. Not much could be said about the infrequent texts she sometimes shared with Ryuko; it could hardly be considered conversation.

"Actually," She began, "I haven't been doing much. I've had some business related things left to take care of, but besides that, I've been taking the opportunity to unwind and finally put my energy toward things less…hard in nature." The group nodded in understanding. "I'm sure you all have much more interesting updates than I do."

“Well I wouldn’t necessarily call them more *interesting*, but…” Nonon spoke up.

“Please, do tell.” Satsuki smiled at her modestly.

Jakuzure began spilling stories about her family’s corporation and how it was doing. It was actually pretty interesting for a while, but when she started to get into how much she missed conducting the marching band, Ryuko kind of began tuning her out. In fact, she got so into her own daydreaming that the only thing that snapped her out of it was the feeling of Mako’s fingers unexpectedly intertwining with her own.

“…and the energy I used to get from the crowd? I think that’s what I miss the most. There’s definitely something to be said about the music, but I –hey, are you two holding hands?” Nonon interrupted herself.

“Huh? What?” Ryuko spoke.

“Yep!” Mako responded, squeezing her hand.

“Have you two become exclusive?” Uzu raised an interested eyebrow.

“Yep!” Mako repeated, leaning into her girlfriend’s shoulder. Ryuko blushed lightly and rubbed the girl’s thumb with her own.

Houka seemed relatively unsurprised at the prospect, where Ira’s eyes had gone noticeably wide. Satsuki had already known, thanks to the few texts her and her sister had shared.

“Well *that* seems like a more interesting story than anybody’s.” Nonon leaned forward. “Go on, tell us how!”

The two girls looked at each other, and then silently decided Ryuko would begin the talking. “Well, actually, it was pretty immediate…yet, gradual at the same time. We didn’t really know what we were doing.” She started.

The dark haired girl breathed. “For a while I think we both had known that we had held some…mutually romantic feelings for each other, but we didn’t really see a need to recognize them immediately….or at least, I didn’t.”

“Nope, me neither! I knew Ryuko-chan had very important business to take care of, saving the world and all, and I figured it all could wait, and just cheer her on ‘til then!” Mako chimed in. “Honestly, I had a crush on Ryuko-chan the day I met her, but I don’t think she really noticed.”

“I wasn’t really paying attention to that…” Ryuko admitted. “Though, I had my suspicions at times.”

She smiled and then continued, “Anyway, as we were both leaving the academy’s destroyed island, we had some time alone on top of her roof. I talked a bit about my revelations regarding Senketsu, and she comforted me. After that, we had been holding hands without really even acknowledging it.” She chuckled nervously. “It was just so natural to us by then.”

Her face flushed at her next thought, and what she was going to say next. “Then, again when I didn’t anticipate it, Mako here leaned over on that roof and kissed me like she did before I went to space to fight Ragyo, except this time it was less…brash.” Her voice had gotten tinier. “It was really sweet and unexpected, like her unspoken thoughts had prompted it, and it helped me realize what I feel for her is serious. I decided then I had to say something…it was really hard to decide what to say, because I hardly knew how to describe my feelings.” She grinned at her lap, looking at their intertwined hands, and then said, “She’s always had that effect on me.”

The group was practically on the edge of their seats. Mako was staring up at her endearingly. She took another breath before continuing. “I told her straight out exactly how I feel about her, and that my feelings for her are genuine, and she hugged me for a moment and didn’t say anything for a while. To be honest, the silence made me kind of nervous.”

“Ooh, ooh, I wanna take over here!” Mako spoke.

“Of course,” Ryuko said. She was relieved; her voice had begun shaking a little.

“The hug was really because I had to take in the moment! Afterwards, though, I looked into Ryuko-chan’s big blue eyes, and I told her that she made my heart beat faster and also made me feel all fuzzy in my tummy,” She patted her own belly for emphasis, “and also that I thought she was the most beautiful person I’d ever known! She blushed back then just about as hard as she’s blushing right now.” She reminisced.

“Oh my god,” Ryuko muttered, hiding her face with her free hand.

“Don’t hide it, it’s adorable!” Mako insisted, pulling her hand from her face. Ryuko had had her eyes closed, but she peeked one of them open to see Mako’s cute brown eyes looking back at her in total admiration, and for a few seconds she stared at her in wonder, becoming momentarily unaware that they weren’t the only two around.

“Blegh, gross!” Nonon interjected, startling the girls out of their world.

“You asked!” Ryuko countered.

“Jakuzure was never one for subtlety,” Houka commented. “But your story is very charming, girls.”

“I’ll say,” Uzu said. “I’m happy for the both of you.”

“I’ve never heard something so…sincere,” Ira spoke a little unexpectedly. “It’s a bit inspiring.”

Ryuko blinked. “Thank you for your support, everyone. We haven’t really told anyone. Well, not besides Satsuki here.”

“Honestly, I figured it was already obvious,” Satsuki teased. “You two don’t exactly hide your affections for each other, which I think is rather admirable.” She acknowledged.

“Anyway, anyone else have anything else to share? I really want to hear how you all are doing.”

Ira spoke up, “I suppose I could go next.”

As Gamagoori began telling the group about how his life had been going since they had all departed, Ryuko felt Mako tug lightly at her sleeve. She looked over to her to find her giving her a look she was only vaguely familiar with, her eyes wide and suggestive. When she saw that Ryuko didn’t quite get it, she cupped her hand around her ear and whispered to her. What she said caused Ryuko’s eyes to widen slightly in realization.

“Sorry to interrupt,” Ryuko cut in. “But Mako and I have to excuse ourselves for a bit.” They stood up a little awkwardly together and walked away without another word on the subject.

“Well, that was transparent,” Nonon noted when they were out of earshot. “Talk about subtlety.”

“Should we…stop them?” Uzu implored.

“I think it’s fine.” Was the only thing Satsuki said on the matter. “Continue with your story, Ira.”

Gamagoori was distracted for a moment, looking the direction in which the girls had left, before he continued. “Oh, right! As I was saying…”

Mako was holding hands with Ryuko as they weaved through the small crowd, unsure of where they were going exactly. She wanted to find a room where they could be by themselves, but neither of them knew Satsuki’s house very well, or at all really. They found a door that they thought could be a bathroom, but turned out to be a decently sized closet. Mako shrugged, pulled Ryuko in, shut the door, and then pulled the chain to turn on the light.

“Is everything alright, Mako?” Ryuko asked in earnest. “Why’d you need to see me in private?”

“Yes, everything’s just fine,” She said, eyeing over Ryuko without much regard for slightness, and neglecting to answer her second question outright.

It was then that the taller girl caught on. “Oh…”

“Yeah…” Mako spoke, stepping closer to Ryuko, staring up into her eyes with a certain degree of adoration for the third time that night.

“Yeah,” Ryuko repeated her, captured by her gaze. Even in the subpar lighting of the coat closet, she thought Mako looked beautiful. She literally sparkled, and something told her that the blush on Mako’s cheeks was more authentic than just the makeup.

The shorter girl only got closer until she was softly pressed to her, their foreheads touching lightly.

“Mako,” The taller girl breathed.

“Ryuko-chan,” Mako spoke, staring obviously at her lips. “Can I kiss you?” The taller girl nodded slowly, and she pecked them for a short time, and then met Ryuko’s gaze again.

She then separated her head from hers and moved to nuzzle her face against her chest. In response, Ryuko wrapped her arms around her, enjoying the feeling of holding her close. There was a definite indescribable air about them when it was only the two of them, and the magic of it always entranced the both of them.

“What is this about?” Ryuko asked, amused.

“I don’t know…the way you talked about us made me feel fluffy,” She explained. “I love you a whole lot, Ryuko-chan…” She said. “Also, you smell really good.”

Ryuko smiled. “I love you, too.” She squeezed her. “But Satsuki’s coat closet isn’t very romantic.”

“Maybe not, but it can be,” Mako suggested. A brief silence followed as they thought about their current situation.

“Your heart’s beating really fast.” She also pointed out, her head still against her chest.

“Oh?”

“Mhm.” She looked up at her lovingly. She then moved to press her lips to hers with great tenderness, as though she was kissing something about to shatter; with the way she kissed her, Ryuko felt like she was. She released her from the hug-like hold, placing her palms delicately on her hips.

Mako then took Ryuko’s bottom lip between her own and sucked on it gently, and then barely introduced her tongue by lightly running it along her lip. She pulled back slightly and kissed the side of her mouth. Mako had never kissed her quite like this, and Ryuko was breathless.

With no room left for words, Mako kissed her chin and then returned to her lips with just a little more energy. Ryuko gladly followed her lead, curious as to what this could turn into.

As Mako slowly worked her lips against Ryuko’s, the shorter girl emitted very tiny noises from the back of her throat, hardly audible unless you were listening for them, which Ryuko was. Just the noises her lips made against her own were starting to get to her; suddenly the sweater she was wearing felt warmer than it had before.

Mako again took the initiative to deepen the kiss, each stroke of her lips becoming utterly desperate for more closeness. As the loud carols resonated from beyond the door, the younger teen eagerly dipped her tongue into Ryuko’s mouth for the first time that night. She opened up a bit wider, inviting her tongue to intertwine with her own. Mako tilted her head somewhat, slipping her muscle a little more comfortably into the taller girl’s warm mouth. Her eyebrows drew together, indulging in the feeling.

Their movements were slow and passionate; the kiss was absolutely endearing, the sound of their mouths working together the only obvious noise in their closed space. However, when

Mako drew back ever so slightly, she caught the opportunity to lightly suck on the end of Ryuko's tongue, causing the older teen to gasp just a little. When their lips parted completely, they both took a short moment to breathe, opening their eyes and looking at each other with reddened cheeks.

At this point, Ryuko was dying for just a little bit more, so she leaned forward in an effort to catch Mako's lips in her own again. Much to her surprise, this time right before contact could be made, the shorter girl pulled back ever so slightly -just far enough so that Ryuko's lips were hardly brushed against her own. Again, the older teen pressed forward, just for Mako to repeat her previous action. She could only stare at her wordlessly as she stared right back at her, their lips only a breath apart.

When Mako again moved her lips to fit between Ryuko's, the taller girl suddenly understood that she had only distanced herself before to assert her control in this circumstance, and ultimately to tease her. If that thought alone didn't make her almost unreasonable hot, the abrupt shoving of Mako's tongue into her mouth certainly did. She honestly had no idea where the girl had learned to kiss like this.

As though she was sensing her stimulation, Mako then used the tip of her tongue to trace along the roof of Ryuko's mouth, causing her to shiver with an unexpected noise from her throat. She felt her knees begin to shake and weaken under her. When the shorter girl lightly traced her fingertips up her neck to cup her jaw, Ryuko knew she couldn't remain standing (or leaning) for much longer. She grasped the shorter girl's hips a little tighter, steadying herself. Suddenly, she felt Mako's tongue touch the very back of her mouth, and she couldn't withhold from emitting a deep groan into the other girl's mouth.

It was within this movement that Ryuko realized she was getting immense pleasure, like an irregular amount of satisfaction, from the act alone. The way Mako's hot tongue worked with hers, plunging deeper and deeper into her mouth…if she kept this up, she'd…she'd…oh, *god*.

Mako suddenly disconnected their mouths, much to her surprise. She still held her jaw, opening her eyes only to see Ryuko's eyes still screwed shut.

"Ryuko-chan," She breathed. "Are you okay? You got very tense there for a second."

"Huh?" She, too, opened her eyes. "Yeah, I, uh…I think I'm…" Mako just stared, perplexed.

"I think I'm…" Ryuko repeated. "…close."

"Close?" The shorter girl whispered, trying to understand. "Close to…what? Oh!" She realized. "Just from kissing? I didn't know Ryuko-chan was so sensitive!"

Honestly, Ryuko didn't know she was, either. "Mako, please…" She looked at her directly. "Kiss me…"

Mako nodded with a pretty determined expression, pressing her lips to Ryuko's again in a very straightforward manner, wasting no time in sliding her tongue far into her mouth. Because of this, they both had to breathe through their nostrils. She slid the muscle over,

around, and under Ryuko's tongue for a good while, before she began trying to slide her tongue as deep as she could. It reached the back of her mouth again and this time Ryuko really couldn't handle being upright much longer, as her knees gave out beneath her, easily taking Mako down with her as she slid down the wall, almost as if she was melting.

The pair settled on the floor, Ryuko sitting with her legs straight out together as Mako had her legs on either side of her, effectively straddling her. The kiss wasn't broken for a moment. In this position, Mako had more of a downward angle to Ryuko's face (rather than the slightly upward one she had when they were standing, considering their height difference). She glided her tongue even further this way, actually reaching Ryuko's throat, and the taller girl moaned in such a way Mako hadn't ever heard.

The younger teen herself was extremely turned on at this point, and she resolved to gently roll her hips against Ryuko's lap. She worked her mouth against Ryuko's with such unbridled passion, more intense than ever. The way she moved against her with so much unabashed lust…Ryuko was in another world, incredibly desperate to get her tongue just a little bit further, only a bit deeper, because she was just right there…somehow she was so *close*.

Just then, Mako tilted her head to a slightly different angle, swiftly sliding her tongue that much more down Ryuko's throat, and *fuck*…

Mako felt Ryuko's entire body tense beneath her as the taller girl gripped her hips in a vice-like manner, releasing a resounding moan directly into her mouth. Mako separated her face from hers, just to see what she'd done. Ryuko had literally left her own tongue out, and she was panting, staring up at Mako with contented eyes. The shorter girl moved her hands to hold her face.

"Ryuko-chan, you make me so-"

Before Mako could finish her statement, the door abruptly swung open to reveal Satsuki. It took a few seconds for her to notice them there on the ground, but once she did, she only reached across them, grabbed an item from the closet, and then stated, "I am only here for this coat." before shutting the door once more.

There was a moment of silence before Ryuko spoke. "Maybe the coat closet at my sister's Christmas party wasn't the best time or place to get carried away like this…"

"Yeah," She agreed. "But it was worth it…I had fun. And by the looks of it, so did you!"

Ryuko blushed, scratching the back of her head. "Well, what's say we go have fun by enjoying the rest of the party?" She moved to stand.

"Mmm, sounds good!" Mako stood first, helping Ryuko up as well. "I want some more of the horse divorce."

"Mako." She looked at her slightly disheveled girlfriend. "It's pronounced *hors d'oeuvres*."

"Horse divorce!" She repeated regardless.

Ryuko thought a moment, and then smiled. “Okay, but we better get the horses some damn good attorneys first.”

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